

This song was written by Isaac Watts M.D. & addressed
to Mr. Henry Bendish.

The Indian Philosopher.

Why should our joys transform to pain?

Why gentle hymns' sickle chain

A plague of iron prove?

Bendish, 'tis strange, the charm that binds

Millions of hands, should leave their minds

At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the verdant cause,

Ranged the wide fields of nature's laws,

And urg'd the schools in vain;

When deep in thought, within my breast

My soul retir'd, ^{and} ~~and~~ slumber dress'd

A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands and cross the tide,

On fancy's airy horse I ride,

(Sweet rapture of my mind!)

Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,

In a tall ancient grove I stood,

For sacred use ~~divine~~ design'd.

Hard by, a venerable Priest,

Risen with his goat, ^{the} son, from rest,

Awoke the morning song;

Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;

The birth of souls was all his theme,

And half-divine his tongue

"He sang th' eternal rolling flame,

The vital mass, ~~that~~, still the same,

Does all our minds compose:

But shap'd in twice ten thousand forms:

Those differing souls of differing names;
And jeering tempers, rose.

The mighty Power that formed the mind
One mould for every two designed,
And blessed the new-born pair:

"This be a match for ~~this~~ (he said):

"Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek their bodies here.

But parting from their warm abode -
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never joined their hands.

Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
Our Eastern souls have ^{dropt} ~~lost~~ their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands.

Happy the youth who finds his bride
Whose birth is to his own ally'd,

"The Orient's joy of life:

But O the crowds of wretched souls
"Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
And chain'd to eternal strife!"

"Thus sang the wandering Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
(While Ganges ceased to flow:

Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see
"That gentle nymph who triu'd with me
I might be happy too.

Some cautious angel tell me where,
What distant lands this unknown fair,
Or distant seas detain?

Swift as the Wheel of Nature rolls
I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain.